

were both satisfied. The slight mist or dust arising from the presence of so many people, blended the distance in beautiful indistinctness. The pealing organ added its solemn notes to the enchantment.

We saw the building again six months later—in the Spring: everything had then been cleared out. If it had been magnificent, gorgeous, splendid, when full of its wonders of industry and art, it was now *beautiful* in its own intrinsic proportions. The canvas covering which had screened the contents from the sun's blaze, was now withdrawn; nothing obstructed the view; and the tracery of the building was fully seen. The painting of the interior had been executed on scientific principles. Owen Jones had demonstrated that the three primary colours produced beauty, as they were scientifically disposed: the shafts and uprights were painted of one color; the horizontal lines appeared of another hue, and the whole was picked out by the third color. The light iron shafts stretched away in the sunlight for more than a third of a mile: never did we see anything that more realized to us the idea of the term fairy-like. Had Scheherazade seen the Crystal Palace, what a glorious tale should we have had about it, wherewith to dazzle the imagination of her jealous lord. No fear of her head being wanting to her ivory shoulders, until the story of the World's Fair was finished.

Again we saw the Exhibition, but this time only a dream of it. Great efforts were made to induce Parliament to continue the buildings for ever as a place of resort, and a museum for the nation, and among other things it was proposed to convert it into a winter garden. Going one day to see the panorama of the 'Overland Route to India,' we found that the first piece exhibited was the 'Crystal Palace as it would appear as a winter garden.' The nave of the building was laid out in walks and garden plots, with fountains and lakes, adorned with statues, beautified with foreign shrubs and exotic trees, while the side alleys or departments were devoted to the purposes of museums, lecture rooms, and other attractions. The scene was exquisitely painted. Then darkness fell for a moment over it, and anon it appeared again lighted with gas, playing with soft lustre from glass globes. A perfect thunder of applause testified to the appreciation, by the audience, of this beautiful piece of art.

While on this subject I may add that the 'Panorama of the Overland Route,' is the next perfect thing of the kind that I have ever seen. It took the spectator from Southampton, through the needles over the stormy waters of Biscay, and shewed him Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar; thence away to Malta and Alexandria; over the desert to Suez, stopping by the way at a little station among the sands, where the passengers are provided with refreshments at the expense of the Oriental Company, and the young cadets console themselves for the loss of their sisters and other dear ones with oceans of Bitter Ale. At Suez we embarked again, and down the red Sea to the red hot rock and garrison of Aden. Away again across the Southern Ocean, and here is Ceylon, glowing